

Rose Maddox, This World Is Not My Home

This world is not my home I'm just passing through
My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue
The angels beckon me from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know I have no friend like you
If heaven's not my home then Lord what will I do
The angels beckon me from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

They're all expecting me and that's one thing I know
My Saviour pardoned me and now I onward go
I know he'll take me through though I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know...

[steel]

I have a loving mother just up in Gloryland
And I don't expect to stop until I shake her hand
She's waiting now for me in heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know...

Just up in Gloryland we'll live eternally the saints on every hand are shouting victory
Then songs of sweetest praise drift back from heaven's shore
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore
Oh Lord you know...